THE SOLDIER'S DOG

BY SUTTER-LAUMANN.

CHAPTER I.

Some Arab boys had tied a stone to the dog's neck.

Sidi's master was Lieut. Bayardet, a poor French officer who had risen from the ranks, and who lived entirely on his pay.

Sidi and Bayardet were but one. Whenever you saw the end of the former's black nose you were sure to see, a moment later, the latter's scowling face; for Sidi, like the vigilant dog that he was, always trotted fifteen or twenty steps in advance of his master, a habit which he had formed during the campaigns in Algeria.

Homely, lean and snarling, Sidi belonged to no race; but the zouaves, who were good judges, declared that he was a cross between a jackal and a spaniel. He had, in fact, the slender jaws and long, pointed teeth of the one; the other he resembled in his large silken ears, his very curly though very short hair, and his abundantly thick tail. In shrewdness and cunning he took after the animal that was regarded as his father, while he had all the vivacity of the race to which his mother was said to have belonged.

Neither dog nor master was loved. The officer, though not looked upon as a mean fellow, was mercilessly strict in the service; he passed for the model of a soldier, severe, prompt at repression, scrupulous, just. Moreover, he was much esteemed for his bravery. The dog, who also possessed this virtue—for there was not one of his fellows that he had not vanquished—the dog had against him his love of marauding, of which nothing, not even the severest punishments, had served to cure him.

Many a time he had been surprised in the camp kitchens, scenting the roast and ready to carry it off the moment the cook's back was turned. He had thus curtailed many portions; but, on the other hand, he had received some terrible rakings. If they did not kill him, it was simply from fear of his master, who would have avenged his death in some fearful manner. Once, Sidi having been caught in the act, an assistant cook tried to kick him with his wooden shoe. But the dog leaped at the man's throat, and he would have been straightway strangled, had it not been for his comrades, and who escaped as it was not without a few savage bites on his arm.

The story was noised about. The colonel sharply reprimanded Bayardet, charging him thenceforth to keep a better watch over his dog, under penalty of seeing him hanged if he allowed him to run about the camp. That day Sidi received a frightful drubbing. Applying the principle that "he who loveth chasteneth," the lieutenant, armed with a thick bamboo, gave him a cudgeling in the most approved style. But Sidi always began his larcenies afresh, and the men finally came to laugh at them, so skillfully did he execute them.

Besides, Sidi had a precious gift: he was a marvelous hunter, and brought the game with rare fidelity, without ever damaging it. Feathers or fur, it made no difference to him. If he excelled as a pointer, he also knew how to run down a hare. Now, Bayardet was a great hunter. That is why, affection aside, he set so much store by Sidi. On the march, when they reached a halting place, very often they saw the dog arrive holding in his iron jaws some "prowler of the underbrush," with flesh perfumed with the odor of thyme and lavender. And Bayardet, who had a kind heart at bottom, sent the game, after cutting off a bit for himself, now to one squad, now to another, in order to add a little to the fare of his zouaves. Then Sidi, admired and petted, was willingly forgiven for all his misdeeds. For the rest, in point of intelligence he left far behind him all the poodles, griffons and spaniels of the regiment. He could rival any dog whatever in parades, exercises and tricks. Sometimes, when the master was in the humor, he made Sidi perform, and amid a vast circle of admirers the dog went through his evolutions, supplying sport gratis.

But, notwithstanding everything, Bayardet and Sidi did not succeed in winning love.

It was on the seashore in Algeria that Bayardet, then an adjutant in the first battalion, one morning made the acquaintance of Sidi, who was only a few weeks old. Some Arab boys had tied a stone to the dog's neck and were getting ready to drown him, when Bayardet, intervening, saved him by generously distributing among the little wretches a few blows with a switch and then giving them some coppers to make them forget the blows. Bayardet, who had no ties beyond those of simple comradeship in the regiment, and no family save an old aunt, whose shriveled and crabbed face he had not seen for years, became attached to the animal, cared for him, brought him up and educated him. The dog adored his master; there was a deep and unalterable friendship between the biped and the quadruped.

CHAPTER II.

There is a great stir in the camp. War with Germany is on the eve of breaking out; the regiment has received its marching orders. The zouaves are falling in, with their knapsacks on their backs, glad of a chance to do battle with enemies more serious and more formidable than the Arabs.

With drawn sword the colonel passes along the line. He reaches the third company. Bayardet is at his post, correct and erect. Behind him, as still as if he were stuffed, stands Sidi.

"Lieutenant," grunts the colonel, scarcely concealing a cunning smile under his heavy gray mustache, "lieutenant, are you going to take your dog?"

"If he will not be in the way, my colonel."

"As you please."

A fortnight later, perhaps less, the regiment was in Alsace. Bayardet, still accompanied by Sidi, witnessed the daily growth of his reputation as an officer of surly humor, but extraordinarily efficient in a campaign. When he commanded the main guard, or when he was intrusted with a reconnoitering expedition, he acquitted himself of his task with a skill and zeal beyond all praise. And Sidi, a true soldier's dog, understanding wonderfully what was on foot, started ahead as a scout, examined the ground, went and came warily, disappeared before any one knew what had become of him, and returned to find his master, who seemed to understand perfectly what Sidi meant by such or such an attitude.

Often in the evening, when the sentinels had been stationed, Bayardet said between his teeth:

"We may sleep tranquilly to-night. Sidi saw nothing yonder."

Sometimes, too, when he was detached and needed to send some communication, either to the colonel or to the commander of the battalion, Bayardet wrote a few lines on a bit of paper, which he carefully folded and placed between the dog's jaws, saying to him:

"Carry it, Sidi; carry it to So-and-so!"

And Sidi, who knew by name all the superior officers of the regiment, started off at full speed and delivered his message without ever making a mistake.

But he had remained an incorrigible thief, and more than one soldier complained of his robberies. "What a pity he is such a marauder!" said the men.

In the course of one of those skirmishes that so frequently take place between hostile armies at their points of contact, Sidi rendered one of those services that fix in the minds of troopers the memory of a good dog of the regiment whose brilliant deeds they related in the evening at the mess.

Bayardet, with a few platoons, had been ordered to reconnoiter the battalion of the enemy detached as an advance guard. The night was dark, and the zouaves went groping through the fields full of ravines, broken by clumps of trees, quick set hedges, and trenched roads. The lieutenant marched at the head of the detachment, quickening or slackening the pace of his men, guiding them by gesture, for absolute silence was necessary. He held Sidi by one ear, the dog having no collar in order that he might not be easily taken. From time to time Bayardet let go the animal, who crept ahead with legs outstretched and nose in the air. All halted then until the return of the dog, who, manifesting no anxiety, thereby reassured his master. They started again, still noiselessly, until Bayardet deemed it necessary to call a new halt.

The little troop, which had been maneuvering on uneven ground affording a chance for concealment, suddenly found itself before a vast and naked plain. They had to redouble their prudence; according to almost certain estimation, they could not be very far from the enemy, and they were in danger of falling upon him in their gropings.

Suddenly he stopped, his hair bristling, and uttered a slight, low growl.

"Sergeant," said Bayardet to an old veteran of the African wars, "you will take command until I return. It is impossible to proceed further—the ground is too bare. A troop of men could not pass unnoticed. If I should not return in fifteen or twenty minutes, it will be because I have been captured or killed. Then you will make a detour. But Sidi may get away. At any rate, if you see him come back, look in his mouth for a paper. If you find one, read it, and you will know what you are to do. If not, then you can be almost sure that my account has been settled. But if you hear shots, run as fast as you can in the direction of them."

And he started with his dog.

The night was growing darker and darker. Nothing stirred in the plain, which seemed deserted. All that was perceptible was the thousand slight sounds that make the silence seem deeper—the beating of the wings of some night bird, the buzzing of insects, the rustling of the grass in the wind. Crouching down toward the ground, his scabbard tucked in his belt to avoid the clashing, the lieutenant went on, trying to pierce the darkness and stopping every minute to place his ear against the earth. Sidi, three steps ahead of him, with his nose now in the air, now close to the ground, inhaled the odors of the night and sought some scent still vague. Suddenly he stopped, his hair bristling, and uttered a slight, low growl.

"Sh-h-h-h! be still, Sidi," said Bayardet in a low voice.

And the lieutenant, more slowly than ever and holding his breath, continued to advance. The dog did not stop growling. In a few minutes Bayardet, who was literally creeping, straightened up on his wrists to look about him.

He was on the edge of a road, and on the other side of this road he saw, standing on the slope of the trench, a dark shadow.

It was a sentinel.

The shadow did not budge. Bayardet placed his hand upon the hilt of a short dagger which he had slipped, in starting, into a button hole of his tunic. Fury had seized him. He had an enemy before him! He could kill him, and yet he must not listen to his hatred. This sentinel certainly was not far from a post. If he should miss his man, the lieutenant knew that the alarm would be given, and the simple reconnoitering expedition, so shrewdly managed up to this point, would be turned into a bloody combat, very dangerous for the handful of men under his command, for there was scarcely any hope of aid. He put the dagger back into its improvised sheath, and, in order to find out whether he had to deal with an advance post or an entire line of the main guard, he retired a short distance and traced the road for two hundred yards to the left. He counted fifteen sentinels. Bayardet retraced his steps to execute the same maneuver. Then the dog stopped again, refusing to advance and uttering his low growl. The lieutenant kept quiet, listening and trying to see.

At that moment, by a pale ray of moonlight filtering through a cloud, Bayardet saw, ten steps ahead of him, leaning against a willow, a soldier of the hostile army, who was gently tapping his feet on the ground to keep them warm, the night being cold. Bayardet was about to retire, when, beside this soldier, another, who was probably sitting or lying down, emerged from the shadow. Bayardet, betrayed by the moon's rays, had just been seen in his turn.

"Who's there?"

The lieutenant made no answer, but cocked his revolver.

"Who is there?" articulated the sentinel more distintly.

At the same moment two shots rang out, with their noisy and reverberating echoes, in the deep silence of the night. It was Bayardet and one of the two sentinels who had just fired at the same time. Almost immediately after them the other fired, too. The lieutenant answered his fire, and he experienced the delight of seeing a Prussian soldier stretch out as an inert mass.

Orders in German flew in every direction; a noise of marching men arose; a few shots were heard here and there. Bending as low as possible, Bayardet bounded through the fields to rejoin his troop. With his own skill, added to Sidi's guidance, he could not make a mistake, although the moon had disappeared again and the darkness was thicker than ever. He soon regained his companions, who, for that matter, were running to meet him.

"Retreat, and be quick about it!" said Bayardet. "We must leave these fellows alone for today."

CHAPTER III.

The dog licked his hands.

A mad race began. The zouaves heard very plainly the hurried steps of the hostile foot soldiers pursuing them; they felt the Prussians at their heels, and they swore furiously, ashamed to have to fly in this manner.

"Uhlans!" exclaimed some one.

Indeed, at their left, the zouaves could distinguish, in the penumbra, the galloping cavalrymen and could hear the noise of the horses' hoofs. The uhlans were trying to head off the little troop, in order to get them between two fires.

"Great God!" exclaimed Bayardet, "we must reach the edge of the woods; once there, we can laugh at them."

A horseman passed at full speed without seeing them at a distance of thirty yards.

"Lieutenant," said a zouave, "let me bring that rascal down!"

"Not yet."

And Bayardet knocked the lifted weapon in the air.

But the Prussians knew the ground very well. Their cavalrymen had passed the zouaves, and the circle was closing in. In a few moments all retreat would be cut off. The night had grown less dark, and the uhlans could be seen very distinctly, swiftly going and coming, with their long lances in their hands, like foragers.

"So much the worse!" shouted Bayardet; "fire at will, but keep running."

Ten shots followed this order. The uhlans disappeared, and all was silence again. But this calm lasted only a few seconds. A formidable rattle of musketry rang through the air, then a second, then a third. The Prussians were firing by rounds and at random. No one was hit.

"Keep on running," said the lieutenant.

Already in the half light the zouaves saw in the distance the tree tops of the thick grove that surrounded the plain, when just ahead of them there was a flash, and a discharge made the earth tremble. A few men fell. The zouaves were headed off.

"Pick up the wounded and file to the right!" cried Bayardet.

He had noticed, not far away, a hut, in the shelter of which his little troop could offer resistance for a long time. The zouaves reached it, improvised barricades, and opened fire upon the enemy.

Nevertheless, the Prussians advanced. They were within hearing distance, and from time to time one of their officers summoned the French to surrender at discretion. Each time he was answered by a shower of bullets.

Then to the din of the combat succeeded again an overwhelming silence. The Prussians, despairing of overcoming this handful of brave fellows, and not wanting to carry the hut by storm, which would have cost them too many lives, had resolved undoubtedly to establish a blockade, certain that the French would finally lay down their arms.

Thus an hour passed.

Bayardet, who had picked up the gun of one of the wounded in order to shoot like a common soldier, was very much alarmed. Never could he pass over the bodies of the Prussians; there were too many of them. The zouaves had used up half of their cartridges, and when their ammunition should be exhausted their last resource would be to risk almost certain death in an attempt to force their way out with the bayonet—for the lieutenant did not even dream of surrendering. He was much depressed. What would they think of him for thus throwing himself into the jaws of the wolf? Of him, an old soldier, accustomed to all the tricks of the Arabs, who had fought for twenty years in Algeria, in the Crimea, in Italy, in Mexico, and who had just got himself caught like an ordinary conscript, with fifty men? Whatever his heroism, he could foresee the blame that would be heaped upon him. It was dishonor.

"Lieutenant," said his sergeant, "there is one way. I will start if you like. Perhaps I can slip through the lines of these eaters of sauerkraut. I will reach the camp and bring back aid, for surely they cannot leave us in this box."

"I was thinking of that," answered Bayardet; "but I did not dare to propose it to you, so great is the risk of losing one's skin. Go ahead. You will take Sidi; he will guide you. If you are wounded or captured let the dog go; he will get there unless a bullet stiffens him out."

And, tearing a leaf from his memorandum book, the lieutenant scribbled these few words in pencil:

"Have fallen into an ambush. Come if you can. You have only to follow Sidi. There is no time to lose."

He signed the note and fastened it to the dog's neck with a piece of gilt cord torn from his tunic.

The sergeant opened the door and slipped out, preceded by Sidi.

Another half hour passed. The zouaves discussed in low tones the probabilities of success. "The sergeant has passed," said Bayardet. "We are saved." These words had scarcely left the lieutenant's lips when a few shots were heard two or three hundred yards away. Evidently the sergeant had been making a long search for an opening; he had been seen. But had he succeeded? An exciting question which each one anxiously asked himself. Five or six minutes later there was another little volley, but farther off than the previous one.

"There, that is for Sidi," growled Bayardet. "The sergeant must have been caught. If they didn't hit the dog, he must be far away!"

The time passed with tormenting slowness. At every moment Bayardet consulted his watch, the only jewel that he had, and he was painfully surprised to see that the hands had scarcely moved, not even the minute hand. He began to believe that the accursed watch had stopped, and yet he had been careful to wind it. Besides, several of the zouaves had watches, and it was out of the question that all should have stopped.

"Listen, lieutenant," said an old soldier with a beard that was almost white and who had won his stripes, "we cannot mold here any longer. My comrades agree with me; they had rather catch bullets than the rheumatism. Let us start!"

"Silence in the ranks!" replied Bayardet.

But he was choking with anger and dying with anxiety. To make the time pass quickly he paced back and forth in the sort of barn, an asylum which had become a prison, swearing between his teeth, grinding the soil under the heels of his boots and biting his lips until they bled.

The sergeant and Sidi had been gone an hour, which made two since the zouaves entered the hovel and three since the reconnoitering party left the camp.

Bayardet, tired of tramping, sat down on a stump, took out his watch again, held it in his open hand and did not take his eyes off the dial. He had just allowed himself five minutes' respite, at the end of which time he must come to a decision. The five minutes having fallen into eternity, Bayardet replaced the watch in his fob, blew his nose, coughed, spat like an orator about to make a speech, adjusted his gorget, drew his saber, clutched his revolver, and in a muffled tone gave the order:

"Fall in!"

The men grouped themselves.

"We will start out," continued the lieutenant. "Place yourselves in file, one behind the other, in the order of seniority. In that way we shall present a narrower front. We will go straight ahead without firing and with fixed bayonets. When we are once upon them let each fight his way through."

In his turn he opened the door cautiously and, turning around, said simply:

"Follow me!"

He had not taken ten steps when he came near falling to the ground from running against a body going at full speed.

"Sidi!"

And the dog licked his hands, uttering little yelps of joy. The animal had no note fastened to his neck, and the lieutenant found by feeling that his friend had not a scratch.

"We are surely saved now."

And a gleam of joy illumined the cold and gloomy face of the officer, who had never been seen to smile.

Barring the door with his outstretched arms he stopped his men as they were about to cross the threshold, for only two or three of them had had time to get outside. From a distance, borne by the echo, came the shrill notes of trumpets, getting nearer and nearer.

"It is the march of the regiment," said all the zouaves.

Then Bayardet started them all out in the order he had indicated, and he rushed ahead.

The musketry began to rattle.

"Forward! Forward!" cried the lieutenant at the top of his voice and mad with happiness; "Forward!"

The Germans, surprised by this unexpected and double attack, fell back rapidly. The day was dawning, and now they could be plainly seen. It was their turn to fly. The little troop passed close to a group of Teutons.

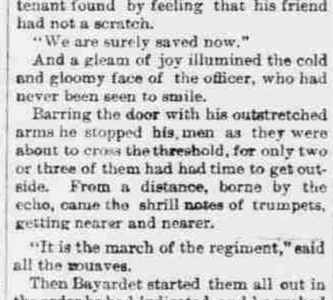
"Halt! Front!" ordered Bayardet; "Aim—fire!"

And to make themselves known to their friends, the zouaves shouted: "Vive la France! Vive the Third!"

A few minutes later they were with their comrades, a whole battalion that had been sent to release them, and with platoon volleys they saluted the Germans, who beat a retreat without answering their fire.

From that day Sidi was held in high honor in the regiment. They swore only by him. All his former misdeeds were forgotten, and though he still stole when occasion offered, it was agreed that they must overlook this weakness in such a hero.

CHAPTER IV.



With one leap he was at the Prussian's chest.

The Prussian columns were descending from the heights that overlook Woerth through the hop fields. Their somber masses advanced with perfect regularity, as if they were on parade, closing up the ranks as fast as enormous gaps were made in them by balls from the French batteries.

The zouaves, who had been fighting for hours against forces four times their own, saw coming upon them these clouds of Germans, against whom they must still struggle—fresh troops supported by formidable artillery. The enemy were putting forward new reserves. The burned village of Woerth was nothing but a heap of rubbish, whence rose towards the sky thick clouds of dull smoke zigzagged by red flames.

The two battalions of the Third stoically awaited this avalanche that was about to fall on them. Diminished by a good third, in tattered uniforms, black with powder, stained with blood and greatly fatigued, the zouaves, with that inexhaustible spirit which has contributed as much as their bravery to the fame that they have earned, exchanged jokes, laughing with that nervous laugh which is the forerunner of anger.

Bayardet was in front of his company, of which he had taken the command, the captain having been disabled. Sidi was lying on his belly, his nose between his paws and seemingly asleep.

The fire had ceased on both sides, as if French and Germans were desirous of taking breath before the final shock. But the calm was not of long duration. A sharp hiss rent the air, soon followed by a report; a shell had just fallen into the left of Bayardet's company, felling a few men; then another, then ten—a terrible storm beat upon the zouaves. The French cannon, stationed upon the hillside opposite, answered. The bugles sounded "Lie down!" A few minutes passed, and the pointed helmets, which had been invisible for a moment—for the Prussians had had to cross a valley not very wide, but deep—rose again at a distance of seven or eight hundred yards.

A furious firing began, and then came the order:

"Charge bayonets!"

This cry started the zouaves, who rushed forward with lowered heads. In a moment they had swept everything before them; the enemy's ranks, thinned already by the musketry, were broken. The Prussians fled at full speed, either toward the village or through the hop fields. But two mitrailleuses stopped the rush of the French, who were even forced to retrace their steps. The Prussians reformed their lines, and the musketry was resumed with still greater intensity. Twice again the zouaves charged, and twice they stopped the enemy. But decimated and without hope of aid except from a few companies of the line, the zouaves had to fall back toward the wooded heights that overlook the plain. The Prussians steadily advanced, uttering loud hurrahs and brandishing their guns over their heads after each discharge.

Almost all the officers were killed or wounded; sergeants were in command of companies. Bayardet had not been hit. He had picked up a gun and was firing coolly, methodically, his countenance as imperturbable as ever. Above the ranks, and not far from Bayardet, the tricolor, torn by the bullets, was floating amid the smoke. The young sub-lieutenant who carried it, having had his right arm pierced, grasped the staff in his left hand and held it tightly against his breast. He was seen to sink upon his knees and then roll over, his head broken by a ball. A sub-officer seized the flag; he fell in his turn. Then a captain took the sacred emblem.

Just then went up a cheer more furious than all the preceding ones; the Prussians were charging.

The zouaves massed themselves and a battalion commander ordered them to form a square. But this order, necessitated by the onrush of the enemy, which threatened to envelop the French troops, could not be carried out. The combatants met with cut and thrust, and the whole mass was in furious confusion. The zouaves had had their ranks broken, but they held together in groups, while the body of the regiment tried to take a position a little farther off in order to reform.

"Lieutenant! Lieutenant! The flag!" cried a zouave to Bayardet.

The latter saw fall, at ten paces distance, upon a heap of corpses, the flag still held in the hand, clenched in death, of a young corporal of his company. Bayardet dropped his gun, the bayonet red with blood, drew his saber and seized the flag, calling his men around him. There were only fifteen of them.

"Vive la France!" cried Bayardet, waving the standard.

Thirty Prussians rushed upon the group, and a desperate hand to hand struggle, with bayonets and stocks, was engaged in so violently that in a moment the combatants had slaughtered each other.

Bayardet, almost alone, took a few steps in flight with the purpose of saving the flag. A German, who pressed him close, fired at him almost within arm's reach and missed him. Bayardet buried his saber in the German's body. But as he was resuming his flight a gigantic Prussian officer arose before the lieutenant, revolver in hand, shouting in excellent French:

"Surrender!"

"Vive la France!" answered Bayardet, leaping with lifted saber upon his enemy.

The German fired, and Bayardet, hit squarely in the breast, tottered. The German officer rushed forward and seized the flagstaff, uttering a roar of triumph. The lieutenant straightened up and dealt the colossus a blow on the head with the edge of his saber. But the blow, struck by a weakened hand, only slightly wounded the Teuton, who, dropping the flag, took Bayardet by the throat and tried to strangle him.

In a supreme effort Bayardet uttered a desperate appeal, the appeal of a dying man:

"Sidi!"

The dog, who had lost his master in the confusion, came bounding to the spot, guided even more by his wonderful scent and keen intelligence than by the lieutenant's cry. With one leap he was at the Prussian's chest, planting his teeth in his face. The officer shrieked with pain and fell backward under the dog, who was tearing his flesh. A hostile foot soldier, passing on a run, stuck the animal twice with his bayonet. But Bayardet, who had a cartridge left in his revolver, killed the soldier.

Then, gathering all his energy, the lieutenant groaned:

"Sidi, my dog, take it, take it!"

And as the end of the flagstaff had been broken in the struggle, Bayardet rolled up the blood stained flag and placed it in the dog's jaws. Then, as the courageous beast rubbed up caressingly against his master, the latter repeated in the most formal tone of command:

"Take it, Sidi! Take it to the regi—"

The voice died out in a hiccough; but the lieutenant's features breathed a sublime joy, for the dog, as if he had understood—and perhaps he did—the value of the trust confided to him, started off like an arrow, leaving behind him a red trail, made of the blood dripping from his pierced flanks.

The regiment had reformed and charged again. The enemy, for the tenth time, was driven back. An old battalion commander suddenly saw a reddish mass roll at his horse's feet. It was Sidi. The dog still had in his mouth the flag, which was nothing but a glorious rag, but which the eagle still surmounted.

"This dog is dying," said the officer. "He suffers too much. It is better to finish him. Let him die like a soldier, with a ball in his head—the death of the brave."

An old sergeant approached and, with more feeling than if he had an enemy to deal with, he placed the barrel of his gun at the dog's ear and blew off his head.

It was necessary to retreat again, and this time definitively. But the zouaves carried away their flag. They carried away also the body of Lieut. Bayardet and that of his faithful comrade Sidi, who were buried together as they had lived, on the very night of the battle, where the troops halted, at the edge of the woods.

THE END.

Fainting Women Struggling for Bargains.

A rival store advertised that it might be well to "look out for fun" in a certain dry goods center that afternoon, whereupon the shop which had just got through an experience of fainting women at once did up woolen challies in pieces of thirty-five yards each and directed that these bundles should be sold across the counter at one cent each.

One of the floor walkers, in speaking of the scene after the bargains had been exhausted, said: "The store looked like a battlefield after a preliminary skirmish. In my vicinity there were twenty women, all of whom had fainted from their struggle to secure a part of the allotment of challies. They were laid out carefully upon the rugs which had been taken from stock for their accommodation, each one with a clerk bending over her administering smelling salts or bathing her head with cologne, working like beavers in order to get their patients around in time for closing the store.

"I suppose that the sacrifice of dress goods cost the store upward of $2,000, but it gained this: For months the women who succeeded in getting what they sought, as well as the unfortunate ones, will not fail to visit the shop regularly every day to take advantage of any other bargains which may be given unannounced. They will, each time they come in, buy something, even if it be only a half dozen buttons, and the profits from these women, who would not, under any other circumstances, enter the place, will return the outlay of the firm many hundred per cent."—New York Times.

Up Hill Every Time.

Prudent Sister—If you marry that poor girl, George, you will find matrimony decidedly uphill work.

George—Well, what of it, sis? I'd rather go up hill than down hill by a great sight.—St. Louis Magazine.

A Modest Suggestion.

"Do you think there are really any great men nowadays?" said a Washington belle to a young society man.

"Oh, I don't know, really," he replied with a modest smirk. "Did you see me when I played Hamlet at our last dramatic entertainment?"—Washington Post.

WHAT THE TIMES NEED.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble, with their thumb worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps.
—J. G. Holland.

Handkerchiefs.

There was recently exhibited in Paris, preparatory to sale by auction, a collection of pocket handkerchiefs which had occupied its owner many years in the getting together.

Handkerchiefs appear at the first glance to be singular and unprofitable objects for a collector's fancy, but the collection exhibited at Paris seemed to prove that they could be made to tell an interesting story, illustrating the development of manners in modern society.

The most ancient handkerchief in this collection was merely a bit of silk tissue, used many centuries ago by priests at the altar. For centuries, indeed, priests were the only persons in the European world who used handkerchiefs at all, and they used them only at the altar, and there only for the sake of propriety.

The handkerchief of the altar was called a facial. It was carried by the priest in his girdle, and left with the vestments of worship when the service was done.

Presently the grand ladies of the court began to provide themselves with similar squares of silk. The next step was to embroider the edge of these squares. And soon their convenience recommended them so highly that gentlemen connected with the various European courts in some measure adopted their use.—Youth's Companion.

A Particular People.

A great big ragged tramp was stretched at full length on one of the benches in the Circus park when an officer approached and dropped the end of his club against him and said:

"Get out of this!"

"W-who-what!" gasped the sleeper as he struggled up.

"What are you doing here?"

"Sleeping, sir."

"But this is no place to sleep."

"It ain't, hey?"

"No, and you have no right to stretch out and occupy a bench."

"I think I have."

"Well, I know you haven't, and if you do it again I'll arrest you!"

"Is that the law here?"

"It is."

"Well, you must be a mighty particular people. If a feller wants to sleep he must keep awake on account of the law, and if he wants to stretch his legs he's got to go out and hire a vacant lot somewhere. Say!"

"Well?"

"Put your old park in your pocket! There's no society for a man like me here, anyway, and I just wandered in to show the people that I wasn't proud or stuck up."—Detroit Free Press.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Jay Gould is never seen with jewelry of any kind, except it be a small gold stud in his shirt front.

Galbraith, the mighty center rush of the Cornell football team, has become general secretary of the Young Men's Christian association.

Prince Bismarck says of Gen. von Caprivi: "He has a clear head, a good heart, a generous nature and good working powers; altogether a first class man."

Hamilton Gray, of Gray's Hill, Roane county, Tenn., is the oldest United States postmaster in point of service. He was appointed in 1808 and has held the office ever since.

James Lane Allen, the Kentucky writer, is very tall, but his figure is shapely. Though still quite a young man, there is gray in his hair and mustache, but his eyes are bright.

Donald G. Mitchell, well known to American readers for the last forty years as Ike Marvel, is 68 years of age and resides near New Haven, where he is still busy with literary work.

Lord Dunraven, the famous yachtsman, is entitled to sign himself William Thomas Wyndham-Quin, Earl of Dunraven and Mount, Viscount Adare, Baron Henry and Knight of St. Patrick.

The Rev. John Atkinson, of Benton Harbor, Mich., is the oldest living preacher in the United States, and perhaps in the world. He was born in Bloomington, N. J., in 1797, and was licensed to preach in the Methodist church in 1814.

"Were They Sinners?" is the peculiar title of Charles J. Bellamy's new novel. It deals with some very delicate functions of modern social life. Those who were interested in "An Experiment in Marriage" will be curious to see the new book.

Mr. Francis C. Burnand, the editor of Punch, has a fine roomy old house at Ramsgate, England, where he spends part of nearly every week of the year. Mr. Burnand leads a regular, quiet country life, riding for one hour in the morning.

Gen. Clingman, ex-senator from North Carolina and a major general in the Confederate army, is now a tall old man with an erect figure and thin white hair. White whiskers cover his hollow cheeks, and he is in every way a conspicuous personage.

Cardinal Newman is physically so feeble that he cannot walk a yard without slow, painful effort and the support of an attendant. Until quite recently he rose early and attended most of the ministrations of the convent. But this is now beyond his strength.

The duc d'Orleans, when he left his recent prison, addressed a letter "To the Conscripts of My Class," saying that he was still bound to be a soldier, and: "Keep me the place in the ranks which I dreamed of—in the midst, near the flag. I shall come and take it!"

Henry Lee Higginson, of Boston, has presented Harvard college with twenty-seven acres of land as a memorial to the Harvard men who fell in the war. It is to be converted into an athletic field, and, at Mr. Higginson's request, will be called the "Soldiers' Playground."

Charles L. Hutchinson, president of the Corn Exchange bank in Chicago, is a son of "Old Hutch," the speculator, who is very proud of his son's success in life. Young Hutchinson has been president of the board of trade and is regarded as one of the shrewdest financiers in Chicago.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Mlle. Louise Michel says that many of the pleasantest hours of her life have been spent in prison.

Mrs. William C. Whitney is very fond of riding, and her favorite horse is a beautiful gray tailed Silver King.

Louise Abberna, a gifted Frenchwoman, aspires to the mantle of Rosa Bonheur. She wears male attire, and in manners is a Chesterfield.

Lord Dunraven's eldest daughter, Lady Enid Wyndham-Quin, is 19 years of age, pretty, an excellent violinist and ambitious to be an author.

Mrs. Susan Brown has given $100,000 to Princeton college for another dormitory. A new dormitory just receiving its finishing touches is also her gift to the college.

Miss L. Dod, the English lady lawn tennis champion, advises ladies who would excel at tennis not to play too much, and to carefully eschew garden party tennis.

Miss M. A. Booth, of Longmeadow, Mass., is a fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society of England. She has been invited to edit the department of microscopy in The Observer.

The first woman lawyer appointed in Connecticut, Miss Mary Hall, is a leader in her profession. She is a pleasant woman, about 40 years of age, and thoroughly well posted in all that pertains to the law for the people.

Miss Clementina De Vere, soprano in Dr. Paxton's church, New York city, receives $4,500 a year for her services, or $113.50 each Sunday. This is said to be the highest salary ever paid to a choir singer either in America or Europe.

Elizabeth Oakes Smith, who was one of the most prominent of the ante-war writers of novels and miscellanies, is still living (and a contributor to one of the current literary weeklies), at the age of 84 years, in Holyrood, N. C.

The daughter of the Countess of Dudley, who is reported to be engaged to Count Herbert Bismarck, is only 18 years old. The mother's beauty is so well preserved that she is said to look hardly any older than her beautiful daughter.

Mrs. Leland Stanford has given to the Albany Orphan asylum two fine paintings of her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop, who were deeply and actively interested in the welfare of that institution, which, indeed, they helped to found.

It is related of Miss Pilippa Fawcett, the young lady who achieved the distinction of carrying off the highest honors in mathematics at Cambridge university, that her friends who called to congratulate her found the senior wrangler quietly engaged in dusting the furniture of her apartments, and not in the slightest degree evincing any signs of elation over her triumph.

MORSELS OF GASTRONOMY.

Cold lamb and pickles and new boiled potatoes make a midday bite for the epicures.

Sweetbreads and watercresses are called a "fashionable breakfast dish" by an exchange.

There is such a thing as having spring chickens actually too young for palatable broiling.

People forget that it is powdered and not granulated sugar that should be put on berries.—Modes and Repress.

Room for Improvement.

Miss Summit—Do you think, Mr. Dashaway, there will ever be such a thing as perfection in dress?

Dashaway—Not unless our present credit system is improved upon.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Overheard in a Magazine Office.

"What do you mean by saying that the author of this story is a young man of 20? He is 64 years of age."

"You forget. He was 20 when the story was accepted."—New York Evening Sun.